Look at Marjot ravings – & destroy. Monks House Rodmell

My blue Gwelo[p]e I bought from a bombed shop in Chancery Lane. Cheap- Lord, what Chaos in the Temple! all my lovely squares gone;

16th Jan 1941

I must buy some shaded inks – lavender, pinks violets – to shade my meaning. Smiles
I see I gave [y]ou many wrong meanings, using only black ink. It was a joke – our drifting apart. It was serious, wishing [y]ou'd wait. It was not true that I disliked Hilda.
I only felt – what? something opaque, pulverising: my fault, as much as hers. And one pang of wild jealousy seized me, inopportunely, dining at Lobys. No, no, I must buy my coloured inks.
As for Irene; yes: a certain discomfort: as if the past rose between us. I was sorry for one other trophies – a nice young man she met at my house, at once captivated them – I thought- drafted: whereupon he was killed in the war. But no: I must get my

Coloured inks. She never bedded; only waved flags from her castle tower: & it was a little exacerbating when my brother went off at a gallop. That all.

The Slide arrived safe. But Miss Gardner (who's had a story accepted by Horizon & is thus in the 7th Heaven) says we must get a Lantern. The & Epi-dia-~~scope~~scope (Greek for looking through & over, think) won't take slides only photographs. But you haven't photographed, I suppose? Anyhow it's easy to come by the Lantern. As for the Epi-dia-scope, I've run mad hunting one down in Lewes for Angelica's lecture on the stage tomorrow.

What did you say when Violet T. asked you a leading question? I still remember her, like a boy cub, all silent & seduction & coming to 52: a abstraction/the Common Reader. How why did you love her? And did you love Hilda? We must go into all this. I rather think I've a new lover, a Doctor, a Catherine, a Cossie — ah! Does that make you twitch? Am still on the 3rd. rung from the top. A sudden thaw: a spring day: & Cossie out in a pet.

Bottom V.

NYPL

N.NICOLSON 7/73

Monk Moore,
4th Feb. 1941

Oh dearest Nan, what an overflowing Cornucopia you are! How you let pamper & spoil me! Nothing could have come more pat than your hat. I'd shaken a bottle of milk for an hour: at last a yellow lump appeared: I put it on the kitchen table. The cat ate it — so when the hunt came, it was like the voice of God in answer to our prayers. What did Stapleton say when the hound it gone? Yes. I'm a better maker now, & it takes the devil of a time. Also: what am I wearing at this moment? Jacobs Ram. Louie made me a thick warm Jersey. It saved my life. I live out. And it's a lovely colour — the whole County envies me. Dear me, how you rain blessings. — Enid, by the way, wants (perhaps urgently assigned) what you said you'd lunch with her. So will I come too? She said no. She must come here: & she will. Yes. will get the Lanthorn.

I'm going to London tomorrow to walk among the rains. Did I tell you ask my books are to hits? — so, if you have

Lady Ann Clifford or any other Elizabethan
biographer — dear me — I'm asking
another favour: but could you
bring them?

To the very devil writing
when every book lies at the bottom
of a vast hole up at the blacksmiths.
Many are utterly ruined.

To goodbye till 18th
to which I look forward as a
drowning sailor to a
Nice Island — NYPL

V.

Who is the
Countess of
Fall

N. NICOLSON 7/73

Monkstowne. 24 March. 1941.

Oh dearest Creature — how fine we topped the whole hill of your benefactions with a fire lighter. Po: butter: wool; books: firelighters on top. There fin must stop. fin Cant add anything to fine — fin see the Ironic fitness of Ending there. What a magnificent Conclusion of life fin have — O damn the law. Leonard says we Cant use your petrol. Another gift. But it appears there is a P.Bar. Consent we arrange that! I suppose your orchard is beginning to dapple as it did the day I came there. one of the sights I think we on my death bed.

I suppose fin haven't any Hay to sell? Octavia Wetherhorn Cows at Henfield, which fine us butter, are starving. So I said I'd ask. Silence means no.

I've been ranging the country this afternoon, looking for hay. Not a blade of the kind.

No, I've not read Swift's Letters. Cannot the Lord of me? Is it a masterpiece? or merely a Nursery master? The Drapier Hat Letters, Damn it.

Monkhouse. 4th March. 1941.

Oh dearest Creature — how shall we
topped the whole hill of your
benefactions with a fore legshaw.
Po: butter: wool; books: forelegshaw on
top. There you must stop. You
cant add anything to that — you see
the beautiful fitness of ending there.
What a magnificent Conclusion
of hope you have — O damn
the law. Leonard says we
cant use your petrol. Another gift.
But it appears there is a
Bar. Couldnt we arrange that?
I suppose your orchard is beginning
to dapple as it did the day
I came there. one of the sights I think
we on my death bed.
I suppose you havent any
Hay to sell? Ochavea
Wetherlorea Cows at Heathfield,
which give us butter, are
starving. So I said I'd ask.
Silence means no.

No, I've not read Swift's Gulliver. Cannot the Lord of me? Is of
materia? a merely a Mercy murder? The Aarons Rod took Thom, Dunn &c.
Ah & Hunt) Made into it in the
Oh dearest Creature — how shall we
topped the whole hill of your
benefactions with a fore legshaw.
Po: butter: wool; books: forelegshaw on
top. There you must stop. You
cant add anything to that — you see
the beautiful fitness of ending there.
What a magnificent Conclusion
of hope you have — O damn
the law. Leonard says we
cant use your petrol. Another gift.
But it appears there is a
Bar. Couldnt we arrange that?
I suppose your orchard is beginning
to dapple as it did the day
I came there. one of the sights I think
we on my death bed.
I suppose you havent any
Hay to sell? Ochavea
Wetherlorea Cows at Heathfield,
which give us butter, are
starving. So I said I'd ask.
Silence means no.

I've been ranging the country this afternoon, looking for hay. Not a blade of the kind.

Monkstowne. 4th March. 1941.

Oh dearest Creature — how fain we
topped the whole hill of your
benefactions with a fore-lighter.
Po: butter: wool; books: forelighter on
top. There fain must stop. Fain
cant add anything to fore — fain see
the frontier fences a-ending there.
What a magnificent Conclusion
of hope fain have — O damn
the law. Leonard says we
cant use your petrol. Another gelt.
But it appears there's a
Bus. Cannot we arrange that?
I suppose your orchard is beginning
to dapple as it did the day
I came there. One of the sights I shall
see on my death bed.
I suppose fain haven't any
Hay to sell? Octavia
two Aberdeen Cows at Hentfield,
which fain see in butter, are
starving. So I said I'd ask.
Silence means no.

I've been ranging the country this afternoon, looking for hay. Not a blade of the kind.

No, I've not read Swift's Letters. Cannot the land of me? Is it mentioning? a monkey or a money matter? The Ancient Mariner, damn it.

Saturday. March 22. 1941

Look at this letter, sent to the New Statesman, addressed to 'Miss Virginia Woolf'. — What a queer thought transference! No, I'm not Jan. No, I don't keep hedgerifan. Louie's surname: & the feels them an perhaps — I suppose these lower class, humble, timid. If we come over, may I bring her a pair of any favorite? Do they die ach in an instant? When shall we come? Lord knows —

The last letter I had from V.

Ben a Hardwick - to name the most
recent additions

" About Hilda - I was sorry; not
personally, for somehow I didnt adhere.
She seemed made of the wrong substance.
But that doesnt make me blind to her
values - Ethel began her letter " Vita's
death makes me very unhappy . . "
What about Dolly? Ethel went on to
say that Dolly Daylen has quarrelled
with her. She met her at the funeral.
But I dont go by what old Ethel says.

Look. Vita . . You must come
here instantly. Not to see me . .
To see the flood. A boat
burst the Bank. We are
so lovely - all sea, right up to
the Gate. I've never seen anything
more visionary lovely than
Cabins upside down in the wake.
Flocks of jerks. We come
at one. Oh a boat: a haystacks
in the flood.